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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you
Sung by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's eyes,
Share them. And by sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should any one be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh is rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veil the land.
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness
All enriching as you go—
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver
He will make each seed to grow;
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

English Marriage Statistics.

Every marriage is registered when it happens, and the date opens the marriage entry. The names and surnames of the couple married occupy the next column. Then follow their ages. The statistics of ages in reference to marriage is important, and a precise statement of the years of persons wedded is much desired in all cases.

But some bridegrooms—and many brides—object or are unable to say how old they are; while the clergy, it appears, often omit to make exact inquiry on the point. The registers, however, improve in this respect.

In 1858 the percentage of entries in which the precise ages of both parties married were not given approached 41; in 1877 it had come down to 22. The description "of full age" or "minor" is always used when the exact age is not ascertained. We may mention that from the year 1848 there was a growing tendency towards early marriage until 1874, after which year the proportional number of persons married under age began to decline.

In 1877, out of 194,352 couples married, 14,759 bridegrooms and 42,795 brides—or about a twelfth of the former and a fifth of the latter—were under age. The condition (that is, whether that of bachelorhood or otherwise) follows the age in a marriage entry. The statistical tables framed from the registers on ages and conditions combined are of great interest.

The next succeeding space in the register book belongs to rank or profession; the next to residence; and the last two columns are filled with the names and occupations of the fathers of the couple.

Every marriage entry must, of course, be signed by the persons married. We will pause a moment to notice the valuable information as to the progress of elementary education which is gained by a regular enumeration of the signatures by mark affixed to the registers. It is satisfactory to learn that the marksmen and markswomen are diminishing.

Of 388,704 persons married in 1877, 70,237 signed the register by mark; 29,707 of the number being men and 40,530 being women. These figures look formidable, but they represent amelioration.

Some quarter of a century earlier the proportion of those who did not write their names to those married was about double that expressed. On the part of the women improvement has been more rapid than on that of the men, though, as the numbers show, the male sex is still much the better educated of the two.

The serenader who sang: "When the mo-on is shi-hi-ning o'er the lake, Oh, the-hen I'll thi-hink of thee-he-he-hee! Oh! the-hen, oh, the-hen I'll thi-hi-hi-hi-hink of thee," and aroused a dog the size of a flour barrel, was at last accounts doing as well as could be expected.

Bathing.

Among the luggage of an English family the leather-covered hat bath is as inevitable as a portmanteau or a hat box, and is packed with movables of one sort and another, as if it were a trunk, and the well-born Englishman, woman and child takes his "tubbing" as certainly and as much a matter of course as his breakfast. This bath is usually a bedside affair. The maid who calls you in the morning lays beside the bed a soft thick dugget, and places upon it the tub, fills it with water, and places your towels—one Russian and one huckaback—within easy reach, and you step from your bed into your bath.

People who have no opportunity to enjoy sea bathing will be glad to know that a substitute nearly if not quite so strengthening is found in an ammonia bath. A gill of liquid ammonia in a pail of water makes an invigorating solution, whose delightful effects can only be compared to a plunge in the surf. To weak persons this is an incomparable luxury and tonic. It cleanses the skin and stimulates it wonderfully, and leaves the flesh as firm and cool as marble. More than this, the ammonia purifies the body from all odor of perspiration. Those in whom the secretion is unpleasant will find relief by using a spoonful of the tincture in a basin of water and washing the armpits with it every morning.

Many people find great comfort and benefit from salt water baths, arranged in this way: A coffee cup of fine distilled salt is mixed with a gallon of water, and with a hair glove or Russian bath cloth the body is thoroughly bathed with the mixture, rubbing until the body is aglow. Then follows an exhilaration akin to surf bathing. The druggists sell boxes of salt especially prepared, and weighing three pounds, for fifty-five cents. For a delicate child such a bath is recommended as especially beneficial.

Many people find an occasional bran bath greatly improves the condition of the skin. The French women find it leaves their dark clear flesh as soft as a baby's. A peck of common bran, to be had at any of the feed stores, is stirred into a tub of warm water. The rubbing of the scaly particles of the bran cleanses the skin, while the gluten in it softens and strengthens the tissues. The friction of the loose bran calls the blood to the surface, and nervous and irritable people find special benefit from it for their minds as well as their bodies. Physicians say the habitual use of soap on the face leaves the skin brown, and recommend a little oat meal in the water, or the ammonia suggested above. Ladies who have moist or oily skins should use quite hot water for their baths, and a little fine bay rum rubbed over the face, or a little of any of the fine toilet waters. A tablespoonful in the wash-bowl of water prevents that shiny appearance of the skin which is so annoying.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

Silence is a hard opinion to beat.

No man is envious of what he can equal or even imitate.

Most successes spring up, Phœnix-like from the ashes of some failure.

Good breeding is a letter of credit all over the world.

The man who can distinguish between good advice and poor does not need either.

Next to silence comes brevity—the wise man's strength and the fool's refuge.

The most cunning of all egotists is the man who never speaks well of himself.

There is a great deal of modesty in this world which will gaze at almost anything—provided it can be seen through a crack.

A man of true genius is generally as simple as a child, and as unconscious of his power as an elephant.

The man who is always ready to take chances will very probably take his last one in the alms house.

It is well to give heed to your doubts for they are very often the dawnings of truth.

Biogtry knows of but one way to reach heaven, while faith knows of a hundred.

Man is a two-legged, eccentric animal that deals in politics, religion and general merchandise.

It requires wisdom to be able, and it requires honesty to be willing, to call things by their right names.

It is more difficult for a man to make a circumstance than it is for a circumstance to make a man.

If we would measure our happiness by the condition of those below us, instead of those above, we should find ourselves very well off.

Dr. BISTOURY'S NIGHT-WATCHMAN.

"Tell you what, doctor, you'll be getting robbed and murdered one of these days; you will, upon my word."

"Hardly, my boy. You ought to know by this time that its the province of us doctors to kill other people, not to be killed ourselves," and with a thick chuckle at his own wit, Dr. John Hunter Bistoury settled himself comfortably in his chair, and began to peel his third orange as carefully as though he was taking off a limb.

"Look here, doctor, I'm not joking—I'm not indeed! Everyone knows that you are a rich man; and it's got abroad that there's a room in your house which is always shut up—the very thing to make people think there must be something very valuable stowed away there; and yet, after all that, you go on living in this big house without a soul near you except the cook and old Sam yonder, who wouldn't be worth a cent in a real scrimmage!"

"Well, my boy," said the Dr. with a curious smile, "would it tranquilize your mind if I were to engage a night-watchman?"

"I should think so. That would be just the thing."

"Very good. Consider it done."

This room, of which Harry had spoken as being "always shut up," was a standing puzzle to the doctor's few intimates. Not a man of them had ever crossed its threshold; and its master when questioned on the subject, answered oddly by some joking evasion. Rumor whispered that one adventurous gentleman, rendered desperate by his wife's threat to give him no peace till he found out "what Dr. Bistoury kept hid in that room of his," had actually attempted a burglarious entrance; but the attempt, if ever made, had been unsuccessful. It is needless to say that countless conjectures, and not a few heavy bets likewise, were constantly made respecting the contents of this Bluebeard chamber.

Against this ingenious theory there was only one thing to be said—the doctor had never had a wife to immure. The flagrant treason against the sex was the more unpardonable inasmuch as he had had abundant opportunities of changing his condition, had he but chosen to avail himself of them. To most of those who questioned him on the subject, he replied that he was wedded to his profession, and that any other union would be flat bigamy; but to his friend Harry Everette, in a moment of after-dinner confidence, he told a very different story.

"My medical cousin Alice was the woman who ought to have been Mrs. Bistoury, and an admirable fellow-practitioner she would have been for me. The way in which she once cut a splinter out of my thumb, did equal honor to her hand or heart; and when she was only thirteen, she bought a skeleton with her uncle's birthday gift of five dollars—a fact—and articulated in a manner that was really masterly. But in an evil hour she became tainted with a fancy for homeopathy; and after that of course all was over between us. Such is life!"

The doctor's agreement to engage a night-watchman quieted Harry's apprehensions for the time being, but a few weeks later he returned to the attack once more. "I say, doctor, have you got that night-watchman yet?"

"Yes, some time ago."

"Well, he don't seem to do his duty, then, for I've passed this way at all hours of the night, and never seen him. Are you quite sure he's to be trusted?"

"Wait and see," said the doctor, oracularly.

And Everette waited but did not. The invisible watchman remained as invisible as ever; and Harry, out of patience with his friend's seeming infatuation, had almost decided to take some decisive step on his own authority, when a new complication introduced itself into the drama. This was nothing less than the temporary retirement of the doctor's veteran manservant—popularly known as "Old Sam"—whose health had begun to give way so manifestly that his master insisted on sending him into the country on a three month's holiday, replacing him with another man, who had volunteered as promptly as if he had been keeping his eye on the place for a year past. The new-comer was a grave, smooth-faced taciturn man who moved as noiselessly as a shadow, and seemed a living combination of the two proverbial requisites of a good servant, silence and obedience.

But although the doctor and his friends highly approved of this model domestic, there was one man who did not. That one was Harry Everette, who lost no time in announcing his opinion. "Look here, doctor; I don't want to be always bothering you about this robbery idea, but it's a fact that that new fellow of yours is up to some mischief. I was coming home pretty late last night, when I caught sight of him standing at the garden gate, talking to a couple of men. One of them happened to turn his face to the lamplight as I passed, and I knew him at once for a noted thief who goes by the name of 'Badger Bill.'"

"Indeed! Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure. You know I never forget a face I have once seen."

"Ah! In that case it is time for me to act."

The last word was so curiously emphasized, that Harry, who was not wanting in shrewdness, began to suspect that his persistent warnings to the doctor had been superfluous, after all, and that the old gentleman was quite equal to the emergency.

This suspicion was confirmed one evening about a week later, when the Dr. dropped in on him unexpectedly, saying:

"Give me some dinner, my boy. You have no engagement for this evening, I know, so I'm going to be very benevolent, and find you some amusement myself. Have you ever read the Count of Monte Christo? because you're going to see a character of it dramatized to-night, and pretty effectively, too."

"What, do you mean?" asked Everette, staring.

"Why, you see, I told my servants a few days ago that I should be away from home to-night, and my cook naturally seized the chance of getting an evening out; consequently the house will be under the sole charge of that worthy man-servant of mine, against whom you are so unaccountably prejudiced. It's quite possible the two honest gentlemen with whom you saw him talking the other night, may be kind enough to enliven his solitude with a visit; and so—"

Harry sprang to his feet and cut a caper worthy of a dancing dervish, snapping his fingers by way of accompaniment.

"Capital! first-rate! I see it all now! But come now, doctor, why on earth couldn't you tell me before that you were up to the whole game, instead of letting me make a fool of myself by preaching to a man that is as smart as any six of me?"

"Never mind, my boy," said the doctor, laughing. "Your warning was kindly meant, all the same. Eat your dinner—you'll want it before the evening is over, I can promise you—and then we'll have our talk."

Dinner over, the doctor lit one of his incomparable cigars which were his sole luxury; and proceeded to expound his plan of action.

"I've locked up the outer room that opens into my mysterious chamber, which puts two strong doors between it and robbers. My estimable servant will warn them of this, and they'll try the window instead. He'll let them in by the garden door, and give them the ladder that lies beside to mount it by. We'll hide in the stable, which—thanks to my keeping my brougham elsewhere—has been unused so long that no one would dream of suspecting it, but I can open the door easy enough."

"And then," broke in Harry, eagerly, "we'll go for them the minute they appear. It'll be a fine chance to use my new revolver."

"Better leave it at home," said the doctor, quietly, "we shall want no weapons for this job."

"Why, are you going to mesmerize the fellows?" asked Everette, completely mystified.

"Wait and see," chuckled the doctor. "We needn't be there till eleven, for my honest domestic will make sure, before giving the signal, that I'm not coming back, and besides, an experienced burglar seldom begins work till after midnight. The only thing to be sure of is that nobody sees us getting in."

But in this fortune favored them, and as the doctor had foretold, the lock of the stable door, rusty as it looked, moved without difficulty, and the two conspirators glided in unseen and unheard.

Weary, weary work, crouched there in the darkness, with ear and eye strained to the utmost for the sign of the coming danger. Dr. Bistoury's practiced nerves bore even this prolonged trial easily enough, but to the impulsive, excitable Everette it was absolute torture. Like all young soldiers, he found the suspense before the action infinitely more trying than the fray itself. The stable opened on the street, close to the garden door, and its farther window, at which the two watchers had posted themselves, commanded the whole side of the house, the blackness of which was relieved only by a solitary light in one of the upper windows. Suddenly the light vanished and re-appeared a moment later—a performance repeated three times in quick succession.

"That must be the signal," whispered the doctor. "Now keep your eyes open, Harry."

Courageous as Everette was, he felt pulse quicken; and his hand went instinctively to the revolver which, despite the doctor's verdict, he had persisted in bringing with him.

"Hark! Was that a stealthy footstep outside?"

The next moment came a low whistle, instantly answered from the house, and then a shadowy figure issuing from the building, glided noiselessly to the garden door and opened it to admit two others.

"They've got the ladder," whispered Dr. Bistoury, as the three phantoms glided across the garden. "Be on the lookout, my boy, you're going to see something worth seeing!"

The ladder was soon placed against the the mysterious window, and Badger Bill, after whispering to his comrade to "keep an eye" on their worthy confederate, ascended, and cutting out a pane so dexterously that the sound was barely audible, put his hand through and shot back the hasp. His two assistants mounted after him, and Bill stepping cautiously into the room, turned the bull's-eye of the lantern upon its interior.

Instantly the treacherous servant recoiled with a stifled cry: "Ain't that a coffin over yonder?" whispered he tremulously. "Good gracious! suppose there should be a dead person in it, and—"

"S'pose you should be a thunderin' big fool," growled Bill, savagely. "Shut yer mouth, will you, or thar'll be another dead man somewhar round soon. I'm goin' right in—I am!" and he stepped resolutely forward.

Crash, the coffin-lid burst open, a skeleton, thrown out in ghastly relief by the red light that flamed in its eyeless sockets, started up with a hideous rattle, thrusting forward its bony arms and grinning jaws as if about to spring upon them. The *sauve qui peut* of Napoleon was not more decisive. The honest servant gave one yell sufficient to wake the whole neighborhood, and rolled on the floor in convulsions. The second burglar leaping backward, dashed his head with such force against the corner of a bureau, that he dropped as if felled with an ax, while Badger Bill, making a frantic rush for the window, overturned the ladder and fell crashing along with it, breaking his leg in the fall.

"You see now, Harry," said the doctor, as they went up stairs after seeing their unbidden guests marched off by the police, "that my night-watchman did know his duty, although there is nothing more unearthly about him than a few concealed springs, which are released upon the approach of anyone, and a little phosphorus. As for this wonderful room, you see it's only a laboratory, after all. But the stories that people told about it amused me so much that I must plead guilty to having given them encouragement. Now, let us be off to bed; and I think you may sleep in peace after this, for it strikes me it'll be some time before anybody robs my house again."

And indeed, no one has ever attempted it since.

A little thoughtful attention, now happy it makes the old. They have outlived most of the friends of their early youth. How lonely their hours! Often their partners in life have long filled silent graves; often their children they have followed to the tomb. They stand solitary, bending on their staff, waiting till the same call shall reach them. How often must they think of the absent lamented faces; of the love which cherished them, and the tear of sympathy which fell with theirs; now all gone. Should not the young cling around them, cheering their gloom with songs and happy smiles?

The Jury System.

Trial by jury has been a fixed institution in the jurisprudence of the nation. The first pilgrims who landed upon Plymouth Rock and formed themselves into a civil community looked back with pride at the laws and institutions of the mother country, and vowed that every man should have the right to be judged by his peers. In the subsequent history of the nation we see the system enforced and protected by strong legislative enactments, and we may safely assert that abolition may never be looked for. Yet, it has probably never occurred to the greater portion of the community that the system is a very imperfect one, susceptible of the greatest abuse. On the very threshold we are confronted with the assertion that trial by jury is an institution handed down to us from the earliest times; that it comes down to us hoary with age and with the approval and endorsement of all the eminent jurists of ancient and modern times; that an institution which has existed so long must necessarily be a good one.

But this argument is not tenable. The old system of common law, pleading and practice, also stood the test for centuries, but in modern times it has been found imperfect, its forms are too cumbersome for our modern practice; and the tendency everywhere has been to simplify the pleadings in all civil and criminal proceedings. In most of the states of the Union, codes have been enacted which eliminate the worthless surplusage and absurd length of the ancient system. Age has but very little to do with the matter. If we draw aside the misty veil of the past, and seek the origin of a trial by jury, we shall find it associated with trial by purgation, the sacred bread pellets, and the red hot iron bars, from which the innocent, with naked feet escape unharmed. In those ancient days the jurors were the witnesses; men who had seen and knew all the facts. At the present time their knowledge of facts would disqualify them as jurors. The lawyer of to-day carefully ascertains whether the panel consists of men who have never heard the facts, and have never formed an opinion in one way or the other. We thus see that the ancient system—the origin of the present system—has had to be moulded to such an extent by legislators as to almost change its nature, and all this to adapt it to our modern times.

The jury system of to-day is, no doubt greatly superior to the ancient one, yet is still necessarily imperfect. For instance, a man is arraigned before the court on a charge of murder. The deed for which he is brought to the bar of justice is one of the most atrocious of the kind. The evidence is direct and complete. There exists the proof of the act—the criminal, premeditated intent. The law demands his life. The good of the people require it. The culprit is a wealthy man, he has many friends, money is brought to bear, and, regardless of the evidence, regardless of the law, the murderer is acquitted. This is no overdrawn picture. Our readers will recall instances of the kind which have come under their own notice.

Supposing a case involving thousands of dollars. The jury have been out for several days. A game of draw poker is suggested. Smith agrees with Jones to vote with him if he is beaten in the game. He thus barters off his vote, contrary to his convictions, and, most probably, contrary to the facts. These cases frequently occur. In Philadelphia recently, one of the city council got off because a juryman refused to vote with his eleven comrades for conviction, although the evidence was full and complete.

The bill charged him with conspiring to make a fraudulent election return, and with executed conspiracy. The evidence proved it. Yet, one man saved him from punishment. Thus, we find another imperfection in requiring the whole twelve to agree upon the same thing. Twelve men, differently constituted, cannot always agree on facts, and the result will be, either a disagreement, or a vote against conviction, to get away from the confinement of the jury room. Furthermore, the jury are the judges of the facts. As to the law, they must take the instructions of the court. Suppose that they disregard these instructions. An appeal to the supreme court will set that verdict aside. If, for instance, on a trial for right of property in a mine, the defendant fails to prove mineral in place in his discovery shaft, and the court instructs the jury that, unless such mineral is found, there is no location; and the jury, notwithstanding the instructions find for the plaintiff. The supreme court will set it aside, or the court wherein the case was determined will grant a new trial. Thus, a jury is simply an intermediate crank in the machinery of jurisprudence, which is useless, and cumbersome, in its being there. When we come to consider the fact that a jury can be tampered with; the fact that it is almost impossible to get a true verdict from twelve men of differently constituted minds; the fact that in a majority of cases a verdict contrary to the law is rendered, which is annihilated in the higher courts, we are led to exclaim with King Alfonso of old, when he was shown the cumbersome Ptolemic cycles and epicycles, made to explain the revolution of the planets, "If I had been consulted at the creation, I could have done better than that myself."—*Leadville Democrat.*

The Merciful.

Blessed are the merciful.

How oft would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathered her chickens.

Go, sin no more.

He that hath mercy on the poor, how happy is he.

But mercy and truth shall be to them that devise good.

He that oppresseth the poor reproacheth his Maker, but he that honoreth Him have mercy on the poor.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy findeth life.

Keep mercy and judgment.

And what doth the Lord require of them but to do justly and love mercy.

In wrath remember mercy.

Woe unto ye Scribes and Pharisees, for you pay tithe of mint, anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier part of the law, judgment, mercy and faith.

He shall have judgment without mercy that hath showe n no mercy.

The Gaudy Sex.

WOMAN'S DRESS A BADGE OF INFERIORITY.

As to the question of the sexes, I think that woman's love of dress is the stamp of her inferiority. It ends the discussion with me. I can't respect my sex as I do the other while we are such creatures of dress. Here a man and his wife are projecting a journey. The man is equipped in an hour, and his attention is free for the higher considerations of the occasion; but the woman must have a week for her preparations, and starts off fagged out with shopping and dress-making and packing.

Go to Wilhelmj's concert. You find the gentlemen performers are not distinguished at all by their dress, unless it is by its simplicity. Wilhelmj's black coat is buttoned across his breast up to his collar, and his wristbands are quite inconspicuous. But the lady singer comes in dragging a peacock's tail unspread and tattooed from head to foot with colors and frills and embroidery.

What is a wedding to a woman? It is a bride's satins and laces and jewels. The sentiment of the great circumstance is all smothered in dress. She can neither feel solemn nor gay—she is a spectacle of clothes. You bring me Scripture for her relief: "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" I don't say she can any more than a leopard can change its spots; I only say it is something which stamps her inferiority. The human female seems to have lost her natural prestige, and is fain to make herself attractive in meretricious ways.

Imagine a man compressing his ribs with stays or trammeling his legs with skirts, let alone swathing them after the mummy fashion of to-day. Imagine him spending an hour every morning in fixing his hair for a day-long torment. He will have his dress subservient to health and comfort and freedom of breath and motion. You say he is in bondage to the changes of fashion as well as the women are. But he contrives to keep these conditions intact. His new styles are not allowed to intrench on his comfort and health and the highest interests of life. If he changes the cut of his hair, he still keeps the sweetness and unconsciousness of short locks; he does not let them grow inconveniently long, or canker his head with a frowzy chignon. If he changes the fashion of his coat it is almost unnoticeable, and you may be sure it is at no sacrifice of ease. His pantaloons may be cut a little more bagged or a little more statuesque, but never with trails or any impediment to his natural gait. His hat is always the same serviceable sunshade, and his cap the same protection from the weather, no matter what the details of style.

Well, you say the women dress to please the men, and if women are foolish men make them so. My answer to that is, that men are as fond of pleasing women as women are of pleasing men, and more so; but they have wit enough to accomplish their object without the monstrous sacrifices women make. Whether any amount of education and opportunity will give women the wit, or diminish the advantage man has gained, remains to be seen.

Snakes Catching Fish.

One day, while catching fish as usual, I noticed a number of snakes, the common water moccasin, approaching the dam or footway of stones. The water yet lacked several inches of reaching the top of the stoneway, although it was rushing in quite rapidly, and carrying with it many bull-minnows and small white perch which were unable to resist it. Watching the snakes, I saw one after another reach the dam and take their station upon it, submerging themselves all but their heads, which were raised about an inch above the water, and pointed in the direction of the incoming tide. In this position I counted seventeen snakes, arranged in uneven intervals, in a space of less than six feet. I came to the conclusion at once that they were fishing, and watched them with a good deal of interest. Pretty soon I saw one head strike forward, going under the water, reappearing in a moment with a very large bull-minnow in its mouth. The snake immediately loosened its hold upon the rocks and swam for the shore, reaching which it disappeared in the bushes; and this was repeated at intervals by each of the seventeen snakes. When they returned from the bushes, having made short work of their "catch," each snake sought his own particular location on the rocks, there being no clashing of interests there. Now how is this for reason or instinct? How do these snakes know where to locate themselves, and the particular stage of the tide at which to start on their fishing excursion? How do they know that a number of minnows will be swept over the miniature falls made by the rocks? These are questions that go beyond my comprehension, and I leave them for others to answer. But the facts remain, and any one who will take the trouble may verify them at any time during the summer, by a visit to Gravelly Creek.—*Forest and Stream.*

Vulcanized India-Rubber.

Charles Goodyear began his experiments to discover the secret of controlling india-rubber, and the means of imparting to it durability under all temperatures and conditions, in the winter of 1834-35. He was subjected to the privations of pinching poverty, and the disarrangements of ill health, and did not attain the success for which he so patiently labored, until accident led to it in the spring of 1839. Standing before a stove in a store at Woburn, Mass., he was explaining to some acquaintances the properties of a piece of sulphur-cured india-rubber which he held in his hand. They listened to him good-naturedly, but with evident incredulity; when suddenly he dropped the rubber on the stove, which was red-hot. His former preparations would have melted instant in contact with such heat; but, to his surprise, this piece underwent no such change. In amazement he examined it, and found that while it had charred or shrivelled, like leather, it had not softened at all. The bystanders attached no importance to this phenomenon; but to him it was a revelation. He renewed his experiments with enthusiasm, and in a little while established the facts that india-rubber, when mixed with sulphur, and exposed to a certain degree of heat for a certain time, will not melt or even soften at any degree of heat; that it will only char at two hundred and eighty degrees; and that it will not stiffen from exposure to any degree of cold.

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A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

It is somewhat generally believed that we publish THE ADVOCATE for mere pastime and as a gratuity—that is, if we are to take in consideration the action of some of our city subscribers, who either are never at home when our collector calls, or who postone from "the first to the fifteenth," from "the fifteenth to the first" again, whenever they are called on for the payment of their subscriptions. This is a popular delusion which can be readily dispelled by a visit to our office any Saturday, when anxious faces and eager hands are found waiting to receive their weekly wages.

There are others of our city subscribers, who, believing that the publication of a paper is attended with some slight expense, are ever ready with their subscriptions. It may seem paradoxical, but the most willing and ready to pay are those receiving the smaller salaries, while those who are somewhat in doubt as to wherther we are publishing THE ADVOCATE simply for the love of it, are in comparatively comfortable circumstances. Once for all let us dispel this delusion. The publication of THE ADVOCATE is attended with expense, constant expense. Having enlightened our patrons, we propose to act accordingly.

OUR PRIZES.

With the aid and co-operation of our friends we mean to push THE ADVOCATE into every nook and corner. We want to put everybody to work, and then as inducement, to distribute a few prizes. By referring to our advertising colums the full particulars will be found.

We will make a change so as to make the time from to-day, the first of March, to the end of May. The watch will cost not less than twenty-five dollars. The unabridged dictionary will be of the latest edition, and the other volumes will be as represented. Anyone who wishes to enter the contest can do so by notifying us so that we can keep an account of the number sent.

We had occasion in a recent issue to commend the course of political education for such as desire or are interested in that group of subjects. Now we address a larger number in commending the "spare minute course" alluded to in The *Chautauquan* for March.

There are thousands of elder men and women, and young ones too, who have never had the advantage of systematic instruction, but who would gladly avail themselves of such helps within their grasp as would give them clear and correct ideas of many subjects of every-day life, and enable them to get a more comprehensive view of the progress of science. Every body who will, can spare at least a minute now and then, for such profitable reading as will bring about the above-named desired results. The "spare minute course" embraces a series of brief sketches or tractlets touching the most salient points on the broad fields of nature, science and art. Anyone can afford the expense, for the entire list of publications, if ordered at one time, will cost but $1, or only ten cents each. For further information address postal to Miss M. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.

☞ Owing to our increasing circulation, Mr. G. B. Anderson will take charge of the collections, in that part of the city bounded by Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut avenues and K streets.

Discussion as to the equities of the holders of bonds of the late Confederate States and hope for the payment of obligations by private individuals then residents in Southern States, by the United States, has not ceased on the other side of the water. There are even those who are hopeful of some ultimate settlement, who are willing to outlay more funds in furtherance of this hope. We have just received a well printed pamphlet published in London entitled "The Confederate debt and Private Southern debts," by J. Barr Robertson.

We might advsie Mr. Robertson, his heirs and assigns, to defer printing another edition until the accession of the democracy to power.

John S. Wise has shown that he is as erratic as he is brilliant. We fully indorse the sentiments of Mr. Needham. But we do not believe that any colored members of the Virginia legislature were in the habit of visiting Mr. Wise's kitchen to consult him on political matters. They have more self-respect, and so have the colored voters of Virginia, who would now refuse to vote for John S. Wise for any office whatever.

We ask all our readers' attention to the extracts from the *Christian Recorder*, illustrating the pre-eminent success of individuals of our race abroad. Scarcely less worthy of note are the instances of material success in the case of J. H. Lewis, of Boston, and of the Noisette brothers of Charleston, who, by the way, gave the name to the Noisette rose.

The Western *Recorder* estimating the present colored population of Kansas as one hundred thousand, refers to it as being "eighty-one thousand" in 1880. This is a great blunder. Reference to the United States Census Reports shows it to have been only "forty-three" thousand in 1880. Be sure you're right, &c.

When John S. Wise was characterized by the bourbons as the son of the man who hanged John Brown, the colored column stood firmer if possible in his support. He is very much mistaken if he thinks he has now a ghost of a chance for the governorship next year.

We do not advocate "Kitchen Statesmen," as our Philadelphia correspondent terms them, controlling or dictating to the Pittsburgh conference; but we do contend that they have at least as much right to be there as the political eunuchs of the District of Columbia.

Wanted.—Some one to look out regularly for the interests of THE ADVOCATE in East Washington. A liberal inducement will be held out. Apply in writing or in person at office any day between 4 and 5 p. m.

Colored Scholarship in Paris.

The number of colored students in the various institutions has increased largely during the present academic year. The Medical and Law schools have their full share. Mademoiselle Therse Villa, a lady of African birth, (Senegambia) is now one of the most successful preceptresses in a Ladies' Seminary. She graduated here with honors a few years ago and is said to be a ripe Latin and Greek scholar. Monsieur Paul Farry, proprietor of a thriving Brasserie in the Latin Quarter, is a native of Martinique and a shrewd business man. He speaks the French language with almost classical purity. Monsieur M. W. Moore,* formerly of your city, is one of the professeurs d'Anglais in the schools conducted under the auspices of the "Association Polytechnique de' Paris." The "Cours d'Anglais" took its birth with his accession to the Society. His pupils represent the principal nationalities of Continental Europe, including Germans, Italians and Hungarians.—Paris Corr. *Christian Recorder.*

[*Mon. M. W. Moore, better known here as Moses Wensleydale Moore, a native of one of the British American possessions, was also a graduate of the Law Department of Howard University. He practiced for a limited time either in Mississippi or Alabama. ED.]

Louis-Joseph Yanvier.

In the summer of last year a series of very learned articles appeared in the Jeune France eulogistic of the truly democratic character of American institutions. The writer showed by reference to the amended constitutions of the several States, that with regard to the equality of citizens before the law no issue could ever arise, as the question was settled forever. He went on to say, in his excess of warmth, that, considering the rapid strides made by the colored people within the last two decades, he was of opinion that ere the twentieth century shall have passed into history, the Negro will prove a formidable but friendly rival throughout all the various ramifications comprehended by political economy. He has shown, too, that what is true of the blacks of the United States is equally true of the same race wherever found in the civilized world. The article created at the time much comment. In fact your correspondent's attention was directed to it by a skeptical Englishman, who hesitated to admit the premises involved in the argument, but silently acquiesced in the conclusion. Certain Madrid newspapers took umbrage at the young contributor's allusion to Spanish cruelties as history chronicles them, and threw down their journalistic gauntlets, which were immediately taken up by this champion of the universal brotherhood of man. His opponents were quickly driven out of the lists and the giant came off all covered with honors. The contributor's name is Louis-Joseph Yanvier, Docteur en Medicine de la Faculte de Paris, Laureat de la Faculte de Medicine de Paris, Membre de l'Association Scientifique de France, &c. He is but twenty-eight years old, but is already the author of several works of merit, among which are his treatise on "La Phtisie Pulmonaire," its causes and treatment; Etude de physiologie de Luxembourg; Les Detracteurs de la Race noire et de la Republique d'Haiti; Idylles et Episodes; Un Peuple noir deoant les peuples blancs, &c., &c. He has several other works now in press. He maintains a firm footing in the literary circles of Paris and deserves the notice of Americans generally. I had almost forgotten to mention that Dr. Yanvier is a colored gentleman of Haytian birth. He is also one of the professeurs of the International College of Professors. I have gone into these particulars in order to let the colored people in the United States know that their congeners in other parts of the world are not in the least idle, and that every forward step taken by the colored Americans is watched with sympathy and good-will.

Paris correspondence *Christian Recorder.*

Personal.

Rev. J. A. Handy delivered the oration at the Wendell Phillips memorial in Baltimore last week.

Gen. T M. Chester, president of the Wilmington, Wrightsville and Onslow R. R., has been in our city frequently working up the interests of his road.

Mrr. Harriet Loudin, wife of Mr. F. J. Loudin, of the Fisk Jubilee Troupe, and their niece, Miss Leota Henson, sailed for Europe last Saturday. Miss Leota will enter the conservatory of music at Leipsic, Germany. The Jubilee Troupe sail April 1st.

A recent letter from Liberia gives us the information that Minister Smythe was sick with a gathering head, while Mrs. Smyth was quite well. Profs. Brown and Stewart had not yet entered upon their work, being at loggerheads with Dr. Blyden.

Reliable authority states that Stewart is now on his way home.

Mr. Peter Henderson, the well known market gardener, in a paper on "Market Gardening," speaking of the Southern gardening, said he was greatly surprised to hear of the progress made last year by the Messrs. Noisette, colored men, near Charleston, S. C. They began with eleven acres in 1874, and last year had seventy-five acres, employing seventy-five hands. The women received fifty cents and the men one dollar per day, and when it was understood that from the fact that the vegetables brought three times the price in New York that the local vegetables, being in the market so much earlier, the great profits received are obvious. These colored men, he said, use 4,000 tons of stable manure per year, at the rate of sixty tons (with a quarter ton guano) to the acre. They use a manure-spreader for this work and the most improved farming implements. —*Baltimore American.*

The complimentary dinner given last Tuesday evening by a large number of the representative colored men to our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. J. H. Lewis, was a most successful affair. The occasion was the return of Mr. Lewis from England, whither he had gone on business connected with his large establishment. It was a matter worth commemorating, that a colored man has in ten years built up in Boston one of the largest and richest trades in merchant tailoring in the metropolis of New England. His return from a visit across the Atlantic, where he found his name as well-known in London as it is in New York, and where he has formed business acquaintances and connections of the highest interest and importance to his house here, constitutes one of the mile posts in the steady progress of our race towards wealth and wide influence in the future. *The Hub.*

The most wonderful geological formation, perhaps, in the world is that recently discovered in the valley of the east fork of the Yellowstone river. It is said to be in horizontal layers, and the whole formation is a little more than a mile in depth. The solidified remains of a multitude of forests fill the entire formation throughout. Many of the trees are of large size. Some are standing upright as they grew and many are prostrate. Numerous stumps and logs are to be found that measure four and five feet in diameter, while one huge trunk is described as being ten feet in diameter.

What Colored Men of the North Will Not Submit to.

MY FRIEND CROMWELL: Congressman J. S. Wise, in his testimony yesterday before the Danville Investigating Committee, is reported in the N. Y. *Sun* of to-day, as having said: "Colored members of the legislature came to house to consult him, but they always came to his kitchen. He did not suppose Mr. Tilden admitted to his parlor the wharf-rats and riffraffs of New York, who voted the democratic ticket."

I think you owe it to your consistency to make this Congressman by the grace of "wharf-rats and riffraff" open his parlor or sitting-room door, or at least hire an office.

If what he says be true the white members of the Virginia legislature ought to refuse to sit with these base blacks. We don't want any such kitchen statesmen to talk politics in our convention at Pittsburgh. The stern regime of a democratic administration for the next four years might possibly teach them that individuality must be sunken when the purple is assumed. If the election of President Arthur will inure to the benefit of such statesmen as the Hon. John S. Wise, and thus continue the prostitution of officers of the highest trust to those of the most abject servility, we colored men of the North, who hold the balance of power, and who will decide the election next November will have to so vote that out of the depths of misery and oppression Wise and men of his ilk will learn that civil liberty and equality before the law are immutable privileges in whose pale social amenities and intercourse are unreal things, having no place nor form.

Very truly yours, &c.,

JAMES F. NEEDHAM.

Phila. Feb. 26, 1884.

Annapolis Announcements.

On Feb. 22d was the occasion of a grand entertainmen –*In Honorem Principis Reipublicae* – given by the financiers of Mt. Moriah A. M. E. church, consisting of companies A to K. inclusive, beavers and bee-hives, Gen. George Washington and MRS. MARY WASHINGTON, and two maids from each company were represented and dressed in ancient costumes. Wm. Zutricks as George Washington, and Ida Harrod as Mary Washington. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. James E. Williams, and the following toasts were responded to. The Negro as a Soldier, Wm. H. Calhoun; as a Citizen, Thomas H. Young; as a Mechanic, Wm. J. Tyctines: as a Jurist, Wm. Phelps; our Civil Rights, James E. Williams; our Navy, Loudon Pinkney; our Literati, A. B. P. Garver; our Political Status, H. H. Bell; our Physician, Dr. Wm. Bishop. The different subjects were ably handled and elicited storms of applause. The choir, under the direction of Prof. Queen, rendered excellent music, and is entitled to great praise. The speaker's platform was tastily decorated by a committee of ladies in whose charge it was. Rev. J. M. Cargill, president.

A large and fashionable audience comprising many of our white citizens, Including officers of the Naval Academy, and their families were present. At the conclusion of the speaking, the Rev. J. M. Cargill invited the audience to the basement of the church, where abanquet was prepared, where choice eatables abounded, wine excepted. The whole affair was a grand success. Great credit is due J. M. Cargill, the pastor, for his effort in bringing it to a successful issue.

Sunday Feb. 24. Asbury M. E. church, the services were largely attended during the entire day 11 a. m., Rev. Wallace Stewart preached from Gal. 5. 18 v., "But if ye be led of the spirit." At 7:30, the pastor, J. A. Holmes, preached from St. Luke, 1 c., 6 v., "The Pious Pair."

At Mt. Moriah, A. M. E. church, the pastor, Rev. J. M. Cargill, filled the pulpit all day. At night the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered; 99 communed.

The union of Asbury M. E. and Mt. Moriah A. M E. Sunday school was a remarkable feature on last Sunday. At 3 p. m., Rev. J. A. Holmes and Supt. Wiley Bates, marshalled their school in body to Mt. Moriah Sabbath school where they were cordially received, it being their missionary day. Addresses, essays and singing was the order of the day. Addresses were made by Rev. Holmes, Cargill, Brice, Wm. H. Calhoun and Supt. Bates. Music was alternately given by each school. The entertainment was highly appreciated by all present, as it was an evidence that it was sowing the seed of future union of our churches.

The re-union, a demonstration to be held March 6, when a prize of a gold watch will be presented, is awaited with interest.

The Smoker.

The smoker who is wedded to the habit cannot readily understand why every one else does not like the odor. But the fact is patent that the scent of tobacco is not only disagreeable to some persons but absolutely poisonous. It does not mend the matter to say this is mere prejudice or weakness. You have no right to make them uncomfortable for your own satisfaction. No gentleman will thrust himself in close proximity to ladies with his coat saturated with stale smoke. No gentleman will pass through a car carrying a lighted cigar in his hand, and leaving a trail of offensive smoke behind him. No gentleman will get in a stage carrying a smouldering stump in his hand, and keep it there until it smolders out and emits a more hideous stench than before. No gentleman will puff out his costly smoke on the platform of the horse car, when the passengers inside cannot escape some portions of the fumes. But you can find "men" doing these things every day in the week.

Celebrating the Twentieth Anniversary of their Wedded Life

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Davis, of Nichols avenue; Hillsdale, D. C., issued cards several days ago to a large number of their friends to meet at their residence on the evening of the 25th instant, and join with them in celebrating the twentieth anniversary of their marriage—their "China Wedding." Their spacious and beautiful parlors were thronged from 8 p. m. until nearly midnight with friends from Washington, Georgetown and Hillsdale, and many were the valuable china presents that were laid upon their tables including several from employes of the Patent-office, Among those present were, the respective mothers of the bride and groom, or of Mr. and Mrs. Davis, also Mr. and Mrs. Dorsey Denny, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Slaughter. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Douglass, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Liverpool, Rev. and Mrs. Scott, Justice and Mrs. Jno. A. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Mrs. F. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. H. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. B. Scott, Mr. B. S. Stewart, Mr. Holmes, Mr. W. T. Davis, Lawyer E. D. M. Hewlett and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Langston Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Douglass, and quite a large number of single ladies and gentlemen.

Miss. Annie Davis, adopted daughter of Mr. Davis, rendered some choice selections on the piano, and also entertained the company with her vocal accomplishments. After a couple of hours spent in social converse, the company were invited below to the large dining room, where two beautifully supplied tables with all the delicacies of the season were spread. Though the company was large one, the good things held out against their united efforts to deplete them, as Mr. and Mrs. Davis with their active corps of assistants continued to fill up the waste places. Many were the congratulations heaped upon the happy couple, and all departed with the satisfaction of having spent one of the most enjoyable evenings of the season.

The greatest hindrance to the moral, material and political advancement of the South is found in the more or less unjust and anti-Christian sentiment toward and treatment of persons either wholly or partially of Negro parentage. Let the South remove this, as it surely will within a very few years, and its progress in social and Christian excellence, political power and the accumulation of material wealth, will be without a parallel in the history of the world. —*American Sentry.*

First Steam-Whistle on the Missouri.

The story of the first steam-whistle on the Missouri River is amusing. Its introduction dates back to 1844. At that time the settlers on the Missouri River were in the habit of making regular yearly visits to St. Louis to do their trading for themselves and friends. They were not provided with daily intercourse with the outside world; and many who lived back from the river seldom, if ever, saw a steamboat more than once a year. It happened that, during the fall of 1844, the new steamboat "Lexington" started up the Missouri River, loaded down to the guards with freight. Among the passengers were Judge Joseph C. Ranson, Theodore Warner of Lexington, Ben Holliday (afterward the famous overland stage proprietor), Col. Pomeroy of Lexington, and a planter of Platte County, named George Yocum.

The steamer "Lexington" was provided with a steam-whistle—the first used on the Missouri River; and, as it happened, no one knew anything about it except Warner, who was a wag and a lover of a joke. The night after leaving St. Louis, the passengers were collected together, laying cards (for fun,) in the cabin, when the talk turned upon steamboat explosions, then very common.

"I feel perfectly safe on this boat," said Warner as he dealt the cards.

"Why?" inquired Yocum, the planter.

"Why?" echoed the rest of the company.

"I will tell you why," said the wag, carefully studying his cards. "This boat is provided with a new patent safety-valve, which notifies the passengers on board just when it is about to blow up. It is a concern which makes an unearthly noise; and, when you hear it, it is time to get back aft, or jump overboard."

Notwithstanding the fact that Warner told his story with the most solemn and earnest countenance, some were skeptical. Not so, however, with the planter. Next morning, when the "Lexington" was steaming up the long stretch of river just below Washington, Mo., the passengers were at breakfast. The meal had been called; and all were busily engaged in doing justice to the kind of meals they were accustomed to serve on steamboats in those days. Suddenly the whistle commenced to blow, the first time on the trip. The passengers looked at each other a moment; and horror and dismay spread itself over their faces. The first man to realize the situation, and act, was Yocum the planter, who, with hair erect and blanched face, jumped up, crying as he pulled over one after another of the passengers—

"Run, run for your lives! The d—d thing's going to bust! Follow me, and let's save ourselves!"

Of course there was a stampede for the rear of the boat; and it was only by the exertions of some of the crew, that the more excited were restrained from jumping into the river.

An ingenious boy in Richmond Va., has a pigeon box. He fastened upon the front of it a piece of looking-glass, perhaps a fourth of a foot in size. Some English sparrows built in this box, and occupied their spare time in fighting the image of themselves in the glass. They would fight by the hour, and pant with labor and heat, flying violently against the glass, taking breath and trying again and again. They were not observed at first to do so, but finally they took a good-sized gravel in their mouths and struck the glass with all big as a dried black-eyb pea. Were the this their way of fighting when they are very angry?

Wonders of The Ocean.

THE FROZEN SEA.

Whatever opinions may be entertained as to the existence of an open sea around the North Pole, it is agreed on all hands that there is a Polar Frozen Sea. In both the northern and southern high latitudes it has been found that there is a certain limit beyond which the progress of ships is barred by an impenetrable fence of ice. What is beyond it is more or less matter of speculation. Concerning the Frozen Sea of the Arctic regions, much more is known than has been ascertained about the Frozen Sea in the Antarctic circle; many more expeditions have been sent out to examine the nature of the sea around the North Pole than have ventured to the South; but it would appear that the latter is, of the two, the more impervious. Ocean surveyors, from the time of Cook to the time of Ross and Penny, have been unanimous in reporting that there is no indication of a break anywhere along the southern barrier. Their ships sailed for many degrees along the outer face of an icy wall, of which the first shelf was as high as their mainyard. Above and beyond that shelf, as far as the assisted sight could reach, there was nothing but solid ice, save in some few places, where what looked like land was joined on to and backed the frozen fringe. Mile after mile, day after day, the ships sailed on coastwise, keeping a pretty straight line of latitude, watching narrowly for an opening in the hard ice cliff. Not an opening even presented itself, and the results of discovery in the Antarctic regions have been to to show that land, probably in continental proportions, does exist beyond the ice in some parts.

The frozen condition of the Arctic Ocean is a fact within the experience of every whaler, though the question of the extent to which the sea is frozen remains unsettled. At a degree of latitude which varies with the season of the year, the progress of ships northward is barred by a barrier of frozen water. During the summer months, when occasionally the thermometer will register a heat equal to the mean temperature of the tropics, and such life as there is in the Arctic circle wakes up and renews its lease, the zone of the north is loosened, the outer edge of the belt cracks and splits into vast mountains of ice which, becoming detached, get under way and start for the south. From the end of May they are to be met with in the North Atlantic, sailing majestically and dangerously towards those warmer regions of which the temperature is reduced and invigorated by their icy presence. The question is whether there is any general break up of the Frozen Sea, whether in the more northerly parts the pack ice ever becomes loose ice, and again whether, supposing it does not become loose, the pack ice drifts bodily southward as it has been suggested it does. Ships that have been nipped by the ice and have been surprised by winter in the north, report that during their captivity they have been carried many degrees to the southward by the drift of the pack in which they were inclosed. Lieutenant De Haven, of the American navy, when in command of the United States expedition after Sir John Franklin, was frozen up for nine months, at the beginning of which time he was in mid-channel in Wellington Straits, and at the end he found himself 1,000 miles to the southward. H. M. S. *Resolute*, which was abandoned by Captain Kellet in the ice, remained in the cold embrace of the ice nip for several years, but in the end was borne south till the temperature burst her bonds and she was recaptured and sent home unharmed. These instances only prove that the particular portion of the Frozen Sea in which the ships were bound became loose, though there is good reason to think that the entire belt of ice about the North Pole does in ordinarily warm summers become detached, new ice being formed on the extreme northerly limit of the sea as soon as winter returns, in order to replace what has been during the summer pushed away to the southward.

If we may credit the great amount of evidence which has been adduced, we should adopt the general belief of Arctic explorers, that beyond the Frozen Sea there is a large open sea, free from ice, which extends for several degrees all round the Pole. Dr. Kane, in one of his search expeditions, crossed a barrier of ice a hundred miles broad, of which the northern boundary was reached in the eighty-third degree of north latitude. There he found an open sea extending in an unbroken sheet of water as far as the eye could reach towards the Pole, the waves broke upon the shore, and there was a tidal variation in the height of the water, the temperature of which was four degrees above freezing. Whether this sea was only temporarily free from ice or whether it is always open is a question yet to be solved. Explorers who have penetrated far to the northward of Dr. Kane's position have reported the whole place ice-bound, with apparently an unmoving, fast-anchored ice-pack stretching away to the north.

The Japanese Umbrella.

We have accepted the Japanese sunshade, parasol and umbrella. We have been skirmishing a long time around Japanese art, modifying it occasionally to suit our views, and spoiling it thereby—but it has taken some four years at least, before this Japanese object, adapted to protect us against rain and sunshine, has been adopted by us. Even the regular venders of such wares now expose for sale alongside of their silk, muslin, and iron complications the simple paper and bamboo umbrella. Its cheapness is its greatest merit. But one great excellence the Japanese umbrella has is that it is harmless. The American and European machine comes at one extremity to a sharp point, armed with a ferule. Innumerable have been the eyes put out by this dangerous weapon, tucked under the arms of careless persons. As the Japanese umbrella terminates in a round disk, injuries to the person will diminish from this day. There are some conveniences about the regular Japanese umbrella when it rains, which are not to be overlooked. Being covered with a waterproof substance, the water runs off it. You do not have to carry a reeking thing which distills water like an alembic for an hour afterward. And as to the material in the umbrella, it being paper, two good rainstorms reduce it to pulp. When a good gust of wind comes, instead of its turning inside out, in the ludicrous manner of the ultra-civilized umbrella, there is with the Japanese a slight crackling of the sticks, and a splintering, and then all that is left in the hand is the stick. Of course, in Japan, where a very fair umbrella can be bought for about two cents, if shops are handy on a good stormy day, a man can use a half dozen of them and not be ruined. For fair weather, however, the Oriental parasol for a lady is admirable.

We shall not accomplish much without zeal and enterprise. But the mistake is often made by supposing that zeal is hurry, rash, recklessness, and indifference. It is not so; steady momentum is often more effective than unrestrained vigor.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... { G. B. Anderson.
..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be address-THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, Washington, D. C.

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People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—On Friday evening, 7th inst., a social and literary entertainment will be given at Lincoln Memorial church, corner 11th and R-streets. The choir of of the church, under the direction of Mrs. Moore, will furnish music. Your attendance will not be a waste of time.

—The Porters' Union gave a very fine reception at the armory of the Washington Cadets, February 22. The affair was conventional in the extreme and much credit is due them for the successful manner in which the whole affair was conducted.

—Rev. George Thompson, of Oberlin, Ohio, six years a missionary in Africa, lectured at Lincoln Memorial Congregational church last Monday evening. He exhibited many rare curiosities which he brought home, among them being beautifully woven cloth, knives made by the natives from the native ore, ladies' hand-bags, very much like those now used by our ladies, and not inferior in beauty or workmanship.

—If some of the officers of the Bethel church will occasionally put in an appearance at the Hall on Tuesday nights, it would contribute largely to the preservation of good order, especially toward the rear of the hall.

—Class organization Theological department of Howard University, met on Thursday, the 14th ult., and elected the following officers: Charles C. Cargill, president; S. R. Lamkins, vice-president; D. W. Harth, corresponding secretary; H. M. Holmes, recording secretary; D. E. Wiseman, treasurer.

—The choir of Plymouth Congregational church will give a concert next Monday evening, 3rd inst., at the Congregational church, corner 10th and G-streets, for the benefit of Plymouth church. Madame J. A. Smallwood and Miss Amelia L. Tilghman will meet each other on the musical stage for the first time in several years. The prima donnas will strive hard to please. Let everybody patronize the little flock who have done so nobly thus far.

—The Wendell Phillips memorial meeting of last week was a success. It is the unanimous opinion that Ex Gov. Long made *the* speech of the occasion. The music by Mrs. Smallwood, and by the Harmonic company was excellent; that by the Orpheus club only fair.

—The Smallwood Dancing Academy gave a masquerade last Tuesday evening at the Armory of the Washington Cadets. The array of costumes were well chosen and showed the evidence of splendid taste, The dancing was graceful and the participants the most select. The efforts of Mr. Smallwood in this direction deserve much praise, and we would earnestly ask those who have the welfare of their children at heart to send them to the school in order to become accomplished in the art of dancing and graceful in manner and carriage.

—The ladies of the Industrial club of 19th-street Baptist Church, Mrs. Burrell, president and Lawrence Clark secretary, deserve credit for the success of the fair. $360 is the net proceeds thus far, with other tickets to hear from.

One of the most brilliant and fashionable entertainments given this season was that of the Four-Leaf Clover club on Thursday night, February 21, at the Gray Mansion, 1412 17th-street, n. w. The peculiar social feature of the club consisted in the fact that the ladies, taking advantage of leap year, proposed to out-do the gentlemen in a social way. The ladies succeeded in giving a reception which will be remembered by the gentlemen long after the next leap year rolls around. The reception room was decorated handsomely with rare flowers and the whole arrangement was one characterized by strong evidences of refinement. The music was very fine while the supper was superb. Dancing continued till the wee sma' hours, after which the gentlemen departed acknowledging their indebtedness to the Four-Leaf Clover club. The committee in charge of the reception were Miss Lou A. Smith, Mrs. J. T. Mason, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. India Smith and Miss Lucy Brown.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The Fair and Festival to be given by the Berean Baptist church will commence on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., one week later than the previous announcement.

No pains have been spared to make this an attractive place for all who may favor the church with their patronage; and the public are cordially invited.

Admission, 10 cents.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The ladies of Plymouth congregational church, assisted by their friends, will have a grand bazar, commencing the 12th of February, and continuing three weeks, at Wayland Hall, I-street between 19th and 20th streets. We hope the friends will patronize us liberally.

Admission 10 cents. Mrs. Wm. L. Freeman, president; Miss Sadie Jones, secretary; Rev. W. T. Peel, pastor.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—Rev. G. W. Moore is to speak next Tuesday night on the Negro boy of the day.

Rev. Grimke's Sermon.

Rev. F. S. Grimke repeated his very eloquent sermon on Wendell Phillips last Sunday to a crowded audience. We will publish it in our next issue.

BETHEL LITERARY.

The subject of discussion last Tuesday night was the present and future political and social status of the colored people in this country. The paper was read by F. L. Cardozo. The essayist took the position that every colored man of sufficient intelligence and manliness would not be satisfied with anything less than perfect political and social equality, especially *social* equality; and that it would never be obtained in this country, that the antipathies of race were such that neither wealth nor intelligence would overcome it, even if they could be acquired by the colored people.

He then entered into an elaborate argument to show that the colored people were not increasing in wealth as fast as the whites were, and that it was essential not only to do that, but to fill up the gap in wealth now existing between the two races. He thought that the same line of reasoning was applicable also to the subject of their increase in intelligence. He conceded the greater increase of the colored people in point of numbers, but thought that mere numbers, without intelligence and wealth, were of little consequence. But conceding that the colored people would in time acquire equal wealth and intelligence, the special subject of discussion was, would they then be treated as social equals by the whites. The essayist thought not.

In that event he argued that there were two alternatives: remain here in a servile condition, and be content; or leave this country and go where his rights as a man in every sense can be acknowledged,—Hayti, Liberia, or establish some country of our own.

The writer paid a glowing tribute to Messrs. McCants Stewart and Brown, who went as pioneers to aid in building up Liberia, and especially to Prof. Blyden who has done so much for Liberia, comparing him to Livingstone and Stanley as explorers, and Washington as a patriot. He expressed his unbounded admiration for Touissant L'Overture and the Haytien patriots who fought to secure their liberties, and those there now who are always ready to fight to maintain them. He contended that colored men, who are not ashamed of their race, should always point with pride to these two countries where colored men are demonstrating their capacity for self-government; and if at all possible join them in the effort, and share the glory of its achievement.

COMPANY B's MASQUERADE.

ompany B. Capital City Guard gave their masquerade Tuesday night. As the merry maskers whirled through the mazes of the dance the scene presented was most picturesque. At midnight the masks were removed, when it was ascertained that Mrs. A. M. Foskey was merry as folly; Miss Sarah Turley bewitching as gypsy; T. H. Jackson, Lansburg's domino; Miss. H. C. Herbert, was enticing as tambourine girl; Miss Joyce, Dolly Varden; Miss. M. H. Marlow, gypsy queen; Mrs. Sadie E. Carter, queen checkerboard, Mrs. Wm. D. Tinney, gypsy; Miss. A. E. Gamble, French nurse; Mrs. Pleasant, an attractive flower girl; Mrs M. Tippet, an imposing Topsy; Mrs. Rebecca Shipper, French girl; Miss Emma Tucker, mother Hubbard; Master Edward Joyce, clown; William Joyce, dandy Jim of Caroline; Mrs. Joyce, mother Hubbard; Miss Sprague, "Over the Garden Wall;" Mrs. Julia Matthews, French nurse; Mrs. Jenie L. Langerfield, Columbin; Miss Nannie L. Dade, gypsy tambourine; Miss Lottie Barnes, piece-work, and Mrs. Armstrong, as Night.

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feb 9.

Asbury's Out-Pouring.

To say Asbury was literally packed Monday night but mildly expresses it. The officials were out as on dress parade, black suits and white kid gloves, silk dresses, bouquets du corsage, &c., were never more in abundance. Rev. W. H. Draper, of Central M. E. church, presided. Rev. W. H. Brooks opened with prayer. Rev. Carroll spoke of the marvelous progress of Methodism in America during the one hundred years of the existence of its parent denomination in this country. He gave a graphic description of human progress in the same period in the old and new world. Where the M. E. Church had 3148 members in 1774 it has now 2,000,000; 13,923 traveling ministers as compared with 83 one hundred years ago. To-day with its 20,633 churches, 10 built every week by the church extension society, 11,000 parsonages, 26,286 Sunday schools and 2,000,000 teachers and scholars, 500 religious journals, 1,000,000,000, copies of bibles this progress more than phenomenal. He paid a fitting and grateful tribute to his official members for the support they had given his administration and to the congregation at large.

Mr. W. H. Clark responded in behalf of the officials of the church. Mr. Hutchins read an essay on music concluding with doggerel verse which excited much amusement, and Miss Mattie L. Hoy read an original poem on a variety of topics. These exercises were interspersed with anthems by the choir under the leadership of T. P. Bell, and by duetts and solos. In the duett by Mrs. Sallie Davis and Miss McCabe the strong alto of the former showed to her decided advantage. Miss Smith sang "Thou art so near but yet so far" very sweetly but the piece is beyond the range of her voice. "Life's dream is o'er" by Mr. Spencer Green and Miss Sallie Tyler was one of the gems of the evening and "By the sad sea waves" by Miss McCabe was fairly sung. Miss Helen C. Ricks read an essay, the title of which has escaped our memory of considerable merit and popularity. Mr. T. R. Burley was presented a pair of spectacles by Mr. George Martin in a speech advising matrimony. Then came the feature of the evening which was the presenting of a pair of boots by Mr. Saml. Tyler to Rev. Carroll, on behalf of the club, a suit of broad-cloth by Mr. Chestnut, ties and gloves by Mr. A. J. White and a silk hat by Mr. Solomon Morrison. Rev. Carroll made a fitting response and convulsed the audience with laughter in telling how his prayers of a year ago had been answered. Benediction was then pronounced and the vast audience slowly dispersed many to the tables below.

TO THE PASTORS, TRUSTEES OR CHURCH CLERKS OF THE CITY.

At the suggestion of a distinguished gentleman I am preparing an article on the colored churches of this city, showing the work done by them. I will be thankful for information giving the receipts and expenditures of any of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and M. E. churches. This information should include the number of members, money raised from all sources, amount paid for salary and other current expenses, as well as the amount paid on improvements. Address,
P. O. Box 263. J. W. Cromwell.

Characteristics of Animals.

All animals are neat by habit—even the hog, which has been unjustly esteemed the very type of filth. We can think of no animal that does not look neat when in its free normal condition. Even the toad that makes its house in the dirt, when he comes forth from his hiding place, looks as slick as a new pin, and not a particle of dirt sticks to the eel, though he plows in the mud for a living. The woodchuck burrows in the sandhill, and, though he has no washbowl, towel, comb or brush, who ever saw one dirty or with hair disheveled? The whole feathered creation are as careful of their personal appearance and as nice and tidy in their dress as a bride. It is only in their domestic, abnormal condition that the inferior animals look filthy and are filthy; and here it is not their fault, but their misfortune. They are under the dominion of man, subject to his mercy, which sometimes is cruelty, and too seldom is considerate kindness.

An ant, three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a burden of one-sixth of a grain, moves at the rate of one mile in eleven hours. The weight (small, compared with some they carry) is eighteen times their own. They compare with a man five and a half feet high, weighing one hundred and forty pounds, carrying a weight of two thousand five hundred pounds at the rate of one hundred and seventy-six miles in eleven hours.

If a man is determined to do the best he can, whether he drives a cart, or conducts a business of a million dollars, or preaches the gospel, he cannot fail.

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OUR MINISTERS.

BY ARGUS.

It seems to me that our ministers might lecture on some topics which do not come strictly under the head of theological discourse. There are great moral questions which are certainly collateral with theology, even if they are not the very essence of it. And it occurs to me, just here, that religion would be of little service if it did not lead us into the grooves of such living as would better fit us for society. Theoretically, religion is too mysterious, too much weighted down with isms and ologies, to afford proper entertainment to the ordinary mind. We are led by circuitous paths into the realm of dim abstraction (and not unfrequently into palpable *dis*traction) by the colored preacher, and left there to stand in amazement and bewilderment to wonder at the tortuous paths which lead to Christian truth. We set and listen for hours to a disjointed discourse about "dragons" and "sealed books" when we are famishing for enlightenment on the subject of good men and open truths. It has been said more than once by ministers that to the ministry we must look for the most potent influence touching our moral, spiritual and intellectual growth, and yet we look in vain for those wholesome precepts of which we stand in such great need. Notwithstanding the powerful influences which it has claimed are being exerted in our community, we still find gross impropriieties in social and domestic life, which are not even spoken of by our ministers. I have spoken before of loud talking and loud laughing in the streets and other places, all of which are decidedly unbecoming and uncouth. And to begin aright, it seems to me that the ministers should begin at once to stop this disgusting shouting and howling. It is a practice which had its origin in ignorance and is kept up only because intelligent ministers prefer to pander to a disgusting, and I may say, heathenish practice, rather than to institute reforms. Besides this, the benefit which would accrue to society by discountenancing shouting, would more than compensate for the emotional satisfaction of which a few fogies would be deprived. Scores of young intelligent men and women would be found in the churches if they had the assurance that they could set and listen to an intelligent discourse without being disturbed by wild and heathen manifestations. Our ministers might preach with profit about the methods of home culture, of the propriety of reading useful books of a proper moral tone, of the necessity of a variety of domestic arrangement, of pictures, of music and the thousand and one things, which are easy of purchase, and which are calculated to procure domestic happiness and contentment. He might speak of temperance, of the laws of health, of the duties of citizenship, of the force of association, of the beauty of virtue and the hideousness of vices as they are found in man. Indeed it would be well worth while for our ministers to teach us how to live here, and to make religion as practicable as possible. Then, too, we need lectures on the lives of great and good men—men whose lives have been spent in making the world wiser and better.

The Dodo.

The dodo is one of the curiosities of natural history, on account of the entire extinction of the bird, and the paucity of its remains. Till a short time ago, nothing but a few fragments of its bones, and those scattered through several museums, were known to exist. In November, 1866, however, a collection of bones, discovered in the island of Mauritius, was received by Professor Owen. These comprised no fewer than a hundred bones and fragments, which had apparently belonged to four or five dodoes, somewhat differing from each other in size. The dodo was undobtedly a pigeon, but it was flightless, and its structure was modified in conformity with this circumstance. It was somewhat larger than a turkey-cock, and the above discoveries completely authenticates the well-known portrait of the dodo, which hangs in the British Museum. It was addicted, in some measure to animal food, and it was doubtless this fact that made its flesh less palatable to the Dutch settlers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, than they found that of the pigeon. Sir Thomas Browne speaks of a specimen of the dodo exhibited in a show; he adds, that its keeper used to point out a heap of pebbles, some of which were as large as nutmegs, and which, he said, the creature ate.

Desertion for one year is sufficient ground for an absolute divorce in Arkansas, Florida, Indiana, Wisconsin, Kansas, Kentucky and Missouri.

Chinese Opera.

A CELESTIAL TRAGEDY TO CELESTIAL MUSIC.

A European traveler who visited San Francisco, and especially its Chinese quarter, gives a very racy account of an opera which he saw performed by Celestial artists. He was met at the outset by the difficulty of determining whether the performance was a tragedy or farce. "I thought," he says, "I detected the low comedian in an active youth who turned two somersaults, and knocked everybody down on entering the stage. But unfortunately, even this classic resemblance to the legitimate farce of our civilization was deceptive. Another brocaded actor, who represented the hero of the play, turned three somersaults, and not only upset my theory and his fellow-actors at the same time, but apparently ran amuck behind the scenes for some time afterward. I looked around at the glinting white teeth to observe the effect of these two palpable hits. They were received with equal acclamation, and apparently equal facial spasms. One or two beheadings which enlivened the play produced the same sardonic effect, and left upon my mind a painful anxiety to know what was the serious business of life in China. The Chinese keep long hours in their theatrical performances, for it is by no means unusual at the "Royal Chinese Theatre," in Jackson street, for the entertainments to commence about 8 in the evening and to conclude about 4 in the morning. There is no bill of the play. The Chinese seem to know all about it, or all they care to know. The fair sex have a gallery to themselves. They are not allowed to mix with the general crowd. Therefore, Celestial beauties are under some disadvantages at the Royal Theatre; but when our traveler visited the establishment a number of Chinese ladies had come to "the opera," and sat with smiles "that were childlike and bland," incessantly fanning themselves. The pit held the rougher class of Chinese, and was densely crowded. When the curtains of the stage were drawn aside, the stage itself did not promise from its aspect that the opera would be a very elaborate affair. There was no scenery, no machinery, no trap-doors, no side wings, no flies, no flats, no footlights, no properties. The only attempt at decoration was seen upon the wall at the back of the stage, which was covered with representations of dragons and other monsters of strange and uncouth shapes and colors. Our traveler had taken a Chinese with him, who in his "pidgin" English, occasionally explained what was going on, and translated a few of the Chinese characters upon the wall, which had, it seems some relation to the story of the opera, which the Chinese said would be "Welly muchee nicee," and "makee muchee cry." Our traveler felt more inclined to laugh, however, as he contemplated the primitive operatic arrangements. No orchestra could be seen, for the pit came to the edge of the raised platform forming the stage. When the curtains were drawn aside it was found upon the stage itself, and a lovely band it turned out to be. The stage was illuminated with Chinese lanterns, and this effect was pleasing, and the exits and entrances were from a couple of door-ways concealed by curtains at the back of the stage.

But how to describe the opera! It was a Chinese tale of love, the course of which certainly did not run smooth, either musically or dramatically. There was this drawback to begin with—the heroine was not a lady. In fact, female performers do not take part in Chinese theatricals, and a rather stout young man was dressed for the character, and rather overdid his or her part. He—we mean she—was supposed to be the daughter of a mandarin, who loved beneath her rank. Her humble lover was a laborer in the rice fields, and the flinty-hearted parent had discovered the attachment. The mandarin had deputed a grave official to inform the maiden that she must give up all idea of this rustic lover, or terrible consequences would result. The ambassador to the forlorn maiden was arrayed in gorgeous skirts of the brightest blue, with enormous white sleeves; upon his head several peacock's feathers were displayed, and a gold-embroidered sort of girdle was tied round his waist. He carried a flag in one hand and a fan in the other, and delivered his message in sing-song recitative, but appeared to have no regular system of music. He continued his singing until he had delivered all the message, and the band, sitting against the wall at the back of the stage, played with right good will. They were conducted by a Celestial conductor, who had a couple of bits of stick which he rapped all the time, and although there could have been but a faint idea of the conductor "keeping time" or controlling the music, the individual was so much in earnest over his task that he turned up his loose sleeves and tapped with his two sticks upon a round bit of stone until the perspiration streamed down his yellow visage. As for his musicians, eight in number, they appeared to play quite as their own fancy and skill dictated. One had a gong of formidable tone, and he certainly did not permit the audience to forget the fact. Another played a sort of kettle-drum, a third had a monster pair of cymbals which he clashed incessantly; a fourth had a regular violoncello, but he merely see-sawed with the bow across the strings; another had a hollow kind of instrument with which he blew and produced a tone like the vibration of a deep bell at a distance, and another had a kind of violin. These musicians kept up a constant din with their discordant instruments, and when any performer got tired of his task he dropped his instrument, and took a whiff of tobacco, and then joined in again like a giant refreshed.

The messenger from the "stern parient" had told his story. It had occupied nearly half an hour, while the heroine, sitting at the side of the stage, had paid little attention, exchanging glances and smiles with friends in the pit. But now it was her, or his, turn to solo. Unlike the meek and gentle Lucy of Lammermoor, who gives up Edgar so readily when requested to do so by the treacherous brother, the heroine of this Chinese opera was defiant, and stormed up and down the stage in frantic fashion. Her musical utterances in recitative sometimes became a positive howl, and as her antagonist grew louder at the same time, and the musicians, stimulated by the dramatic fervor of the scene, banged the cymbals, thumped the kettle-drum, rumbled on the gong, and scraped the rude violin and violoncello faster than ever, the tumult soon became indescribable. The great scene in progress increased in force until it was evident a climax was coming. It did come. The heroine's voice became shriller, her antagonist's deeper, until at last he struck the wayward fair one with his wand, and with a shriek in a high key out she went at one door, while a mandarin representative of the mandarin made his exit at the other. "What comes next?" inquired the traveler of his Chinese friend, who replied: "Mandarin sendee word comee home. Takee husband with plenty muchee cash. She no likee. Makee changey dressee. No savey her when comee back." By which he meant that the heorine intended to disguise herself and, if possible, elope with her lover. The changing of her costume was a work of time, but something else in the shape of amusement was provided, for directly the two characters we have described had disappeared the stage was filled with acrobats and jugglers who, with many clever and novel feats, kept the game alive until the next act of the opera was given. In this the visitors were introduced to the rustic lover who had taken the heorine's fancy. But he was not by any means a brave youth, for when the lady came back really well disguised, and proposed an elopement, he began to cry. "Why does he howl so?" inquired our traveler. "Mandarin takee off head if catchee." So that it was no joke to run away with the damsel, who probably knew well enough that she would be safe even if her humble lover paid for his devotion with his life. Anyhow the swain appeared to be in grave doubts as to the wisdom of the proceeding, and he told his love and his fear in dismal notes, occasionally drowned by the din of the accompaniment. At last, when the young lady had worked him up to the proper pitch, and the lovers were about to fly, there entered a very ferocious-looking stranger, with a naked sword in his hand and a huge beard suspended from his chin. It was no other than the friend of the mandarin, the heroine's papa, and it was evident he meant business. He had played the eavesdropper, and then in disguise, had come back to frustrate the intended elopement. In vain did the lover cry louder than ever. In vain did the heroine storm and stamp upon the floor. The mandarin's representative seized the lady, and, giving a signal at one of the doors, two officers of justice took hold of the unhappy swain and bound him with a strong cord. The heroine raged to the very last, while the fair Celestials in the upper gallery for the first time displayed emotion. The Chinese interpreter had predicted that the opera would make the spectators "muchee cry;" but none were moved to tears save the ladies. Midnight had come before the close of the opera but there were other entertainments yet in store. Amongst other items a wizard of remarkable power appeared, who, by the nimbleness of his manipulations, could deceive the closest observer. Curious tricks were performed by mere sleight-of-hand, and the Chinese still looked on without making any kind of demonstration. At last the European visitor, tired out, quitted the theater, the Chinese manager bowing him out, expressing a hope that he "Welly muchee likee" what he had seen.

Don't Waste Vital Energy.

The most vigorous persons do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit a lack of it or at least find that much vital energy has been permanently lost in their childhood or youth through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents Often it is impaired by wrong indulgence in early manhood. The endeavor with all persons should be to husband what is left be it much or little. Therefore:

1. Don't do anything in a hurry.
2. Don't work too many hours a day whether it be farm-work, shop-work study-work or house-work.
3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that, too, in a ventilated, and sun-purified room.
4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.
5. Don't fret at yourself or anybody else; nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.
6. Don't be too much elated with good luck, nor be disheartened by bad.

Positively—be self-controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs. Treat your stomach right. Keep a good conscience, and have a cheerful trust in God for all things in both worlds

Practical Religion.

The world demands a practical religion, a religion that men can take into their business with them, a religion that keeps "from evil" while following the plow, at work in the harvest field, behind the counter, in the counting room, at home among friends, abroad among strangers, through the week, on Sunday, and in every relation of life. People are becoming more disgusted every day with a religion that can be put on or off at will, like an elegant garment too nice to be worn except Sundays or occasions when it is necessary to make a good impression in order to sway a greater influence for the promotion of selfish interests. True religion does not consist in long faces and sentimental sighs, a Sunday help and a week hindrance; but it is a real practical delight, producing smiles, not frowns, pleasure, not pain, a higher appreciation of life and its responsibilities, and not the impression that life is only a bore, and the more we appear bored by it the better christians we appear to the world. Not sentiment, sighs and words, but faith, love and good works, make us a blessing to man and a fit subject for heaven.

Experience is the Lord's school, and they who are taught by Him usually learn by the mistakes they make that they have no wisdom, and by the slips and falls they meet with that they have no strength.

Shorn of its high commerce with Unseen, the degraded mind shrinks with fear from what its divine intuitions warn it must yet be, and trembles to die, because it has not found what makes it sacred and lofty to live.

A surgeon in the German army calls the attention of all who have to do with horses to the danger of using the pocket handkerchief to wipe away any foam from the mouth or nose of a horse which may have been thrown upon their clothes. Some months ago, the writer states, an officer came to him suffering from an obstinate cold and cough. The usual remedies were prescribed, but in vain; a visit to the baths at Reichenhall also did the patient no good. Returning to duty, he officer became worse; fever, attended with great pain in and swelling of the head, set in, and ultimately, after much suffering, he died with every symptom of glanders. Inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that some time before he was taken ill he had ordered a horse which he believed was suffering from glanders to be shot. Neither the groom nor any of the other soldiers who had been near the horse have been attacked by glanders, and consequently it is suspected that the officer who died may have conveyed the disease into his system by perhaps using his handkerchief to wipe some of the foam from the mouth or nose of the horse from his uniform.

Animal Sagacity.

REMARKABLE INSTINCT OF THE MARTIN.

For some years the writer has occupied a cottage near Esher. Under the trellised porch was a martin's nest, which was repaired every season for at least three years, and from which a brood of four or five young birds took their flight year by year. The porch was covered with zinc, and the nest was built against the wall, close against the angle formed by the slanting sides of the roof. One morning, before the brood was hatched, one of the old birds was found in the porch dead, owing probably to the unusual heat of the sun shining upon the zinc covering, which was only a few inches above the nest. Opposite the porch, and separated from it by the width of the garden walk, was an arch of wire covered with roses and honeysuckles. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the day when the bird had been found dead, the writer's attention was attracted by an unusual twittering, and looking towards the porch, he observed a martin, which he presumed to be the male bird, flying in and out of the porch on to the arch, and evidently endeavouring to coax another bird into his snug quarters. After a while the second martin took several short flights, and dived under the porch along with her companion, who twittered and flew round her in a state of the greatest excitement. This continued for about half an hour, until the stranger took possession of the nest, where she finally hatched the brood.

A POINTER'S CONTEMPT.

In proof of the dislike a pointer will show to a bad shot, Mr. Jessie adduces the following anecdote, given on reliable authority. A gentleman, on his requesting the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, was informed by him that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds; but if he frequently missed fire, it would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his master was a remarkably bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched, till at last the pointer became careless, and often missed his game. As if seemingly willing, however, to give one chance more, he made a dead stop at a fern-bush, with his nose pointed downward, the fore-foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this position he remained firm till the sportsman was close to him with both barrels cocked; then, moving steadily forward for a few paces, he at last stood still near a bunch of heather, the tail expressing the anxiety of the mind by moving regularly backwards and forwards. At last out sprang a fine old blackcock. Bang! bang! went both barrels, but the bird escaped unhurt. The patience of the dog was now exhausted, and, instead of dropping to charge, he turned bodily round, placed his tail between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and set off as fast as he could to his own home.

A CAMEL'S REVENGE.

A valuable camel, working in an oil mill in Africa, was severely beaten by its driver. Perceiving that the camel had treasured up the injury, and was only waiting a favorable opportunity for revenge, he kept a strict watch upon the animal. Time passed away; the animal perceiving that it was watched, was quiet and obedient, and the driver began to think that the beating was forgotten, when one night, after the lapse of several months, the man was sleeping on a raised platform in the mill, whilst, as is customary, the camel was stabled in a corner. Happening to awake, the driver observed by the bright moonlight that, when all was quiet, the animal looked cautiously around, rose softly, and stealing towards the spot where a bundle of clothes and a bernous, thrown carelessly on the ground, resembled a sleeping figure, cast itself with violence upon them, rolling with all its weight, and tearing them most viciously with its teeth. Satisfied that its revenge was complete, the camel was returning to its corner, when the driver sat up and spoke. At the sound of his voice, and perceiving the mistake it had made, the animal was so mortified at the failure and discovery of its scheme, that it dashed its head against the wall and died on the spot.

The First Oil Well.

A story is published in a Cumberland valley newspaper to the effect that oil was found in large quantities near Burksville, Ky., as early as 1828. Unfortunately the witnesses are dead. It is claimed, however, that some of the oil is still retained in bottles, but we will still have to insist that this testimony is not competent. The arlicle appeared in the Cumberland, Md., *Courier*, and is as follows: "Some time since we read an article in a northern journal making the statement that Col. Drake, who put down the first oil well in Pennsylvania, had been pensioned for the great discovery made by him. The fact is undisputable that Col. Drake did first sink a well for oil in Pennsylvania, yet many years before that, a party of Cumberland county gentlemen, who are long since deceased, formed a copartnership for the purpose of boring for salt water, and in pursuance thereof they sank a well near the town of Burkville, Ky., about two and a half miles from this place, on the Columbia road.

When they had reached the depth of 80 feet they struck petroleum in great quantities. It flowed for two years, filling Ranox creek deep and running off into the Cumberland river, covering the river for twenty miles, when some mischievous chap set fire to it, in consequence of which navgation was impossible for days. It is estimated that thousands of barrels escaped from this well at that time, and thousands since. This was in 1828. Some of our oldest citizens remember this, and will verify our statement. It was the first and oldest well in the world. At this time the company, knowing nothing of its value, its use and qualities, abandoned the work. In course of time, however, some enterprising quack doctor, strolling through the county, discovered that it had great medicinal qualities as a liniment.

He therefore engaged with the owners of the well to deliver to him, in bottles, great quantities, to be shipped north where he prepared and sold it for physical ailments of all sorts, shipping to Europe as well, where it became very popular and was called and known there as the "American Oil," from which circumstance the well was called and is now known here as the "Old American Oil Well." There is now a large number of bottles filled and corked, ready for shipment as per contract made with the owners, still in possession of Mr. Edward Baker, son of one of the company, which was never, for some reason, delivered. We have seen the oil and can certify to its superior quality. Since this time (1865,) when to strike oil was a fortune, many wells have been sunk in the county with like success; in fact, the county is full of oil, and the wells sunk too numerous to mention. It is only a question of time as to its development."—*Petroleum World.*

Contents of a Girl's Pocket.

The contents of a boy's pocket has been frequently exhibited in the newspapers. One boy's sister thought she would call her mother's attention to the stuff Tommy carried in his pocket. She deposited on the table a mixed lot, and the family were amused. But Tommy, so the St. Louis *Evening Post* narrates, captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress and showed its contents to his mother. The knick-knacks were as follows:

Three hair-pins, a broken locket, a soiled glove, a piece of chewing gum, three cards, elastic garter, piece of chewing-gum, photograph, piece of orange-skin, a love-letter, broken tooth brush, more chewing-gum, spool of silk, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nickle, two sour-balls, gaiter heel, more chewing gum, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jocky club, gaiter-buttoner, withered geranium leaves, ivory handled pen-knife with a broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt-buckle, a box of rouge, a cigar holder stolen from "Charlie," a piece of damask silk of the patern of her friend Lucy's silk dress, another small piece of chewing-gum, and a slip of paper containing the directions for handkerchief flirtations.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph.

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The classes will occupy tables in said church on the above date. The church will be represented in three stages of its history:

On Tuesday night, March 18th, will be represented as it was in the early stage, and reunion of all the old members.

On Thursday night, March 20th, it will be represented as it was at its middle stage.

On Friday night, March 21st, it will be represented as it is at the present time.

SERVICES.—On Sunday, March 23d, a sermon will be preached at 11 a. m., by Bishop J. J. Moore, D. D., on the Unpardonable Sin. At 2.30 p. m., by Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., one of his famous sermons. At 7.30 p. m., by Bishop S. T Jones, D. D., the former pastor.

The following choirs will be present and will render some of their choice pieces during the week:

On Monday night, March 17th, the Sunday school choir of Mt. Zion church Georgetown, and Union Wesley A. M. E. Z.

On Tuesday night, March 18th, the Nineteenth-st. Baptist church choir.

On Wednesday night, March 19th, Wesley Zion church choir of South Washington.

On Thursday night, March 20th, Shilo Baptist choir, L-st., and Galbraeth Chapel choir.

On Friday night, March 21st, John Wesley church choir.

The Union Bethel church choir will sing on Sunday, the 23d, at 2.30 p. m.

A collection at each service on Sunday for the new church.

The person selling the largest number of tickets will be rewarded with a silver watch.

The person bringing in the largest amount of money on their punch cards will receive $5.00.

The leader of the class returning the largest amount of money from their table will receive a barrel of flour.

Admission, 10 cents. Committee of arrangements: C. Robinson, L. Pennington, W. H. Johnson, H. Brooks, R. Bowie G. L. Joy. Rev. J. S. Cowles, pastor.

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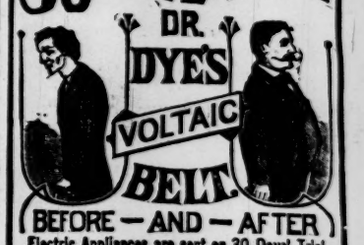

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